$2.00 " year

JUNE, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

ROAD SONG

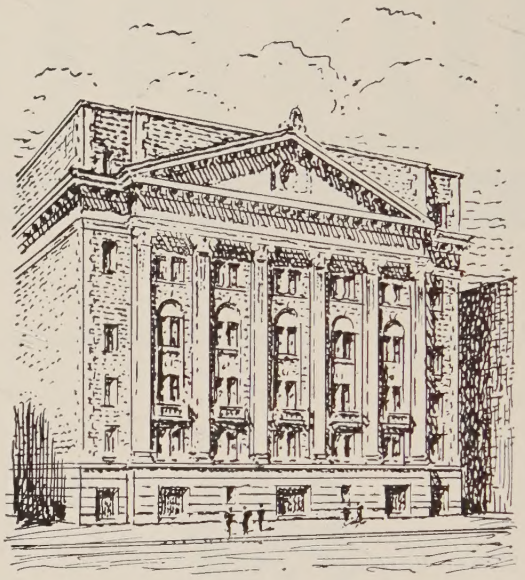
W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez

Give me the clear blue sky overhead, and the long road to my feet,
And the winds of heaven to winnow me through, and a brother tramp to greet,
With an inn at the end of the day for rest, and the world may keep its bays—
For these are the gifts of the wayside gods, and the gifts that I would praise.

Where the sandalled Dawn like a Greek god takes the hurdles of the hills,
And the brooding earth rubs sleepy eyes at the song some lone bird trills,
Where a brook, like a silver scythe of the moon, awaits your warm caress—
Ah, these are the gifts that the High Gods fling to mortals in duress!

Then give me the clear blue sky overhead, and the long road to my feet,
And a dog to tell my secrets to, and a brother tramp to meet—
And the years may take their toll of me till I come to the weary West,
And I lodge for good in the world's own inn, a way-worn, waiting guest!

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **June, 1949** *Number 3*

"THE GOD OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 1st, 1949

ONE of the common expressions which we frequently use in our conversation with each other, and one which we hear often, is the expression *Well, I am getting tired of that*. There are a lot of things in our lives of which we sometimes tire, because they are so closely identified with us in all the experiences of life. We tire of people and we sometimes get tired of ourselves; we get tired of the way we dress; we get tired of things. But have you ever stopped to think that there is one thing in life of which we never tire? Have you ever met anyone who was tired of the Spring? I never have. I have never met a person in my life who was tired of having Springtime come with a certain definite continuity. We look forward to it all the year through: *SPRING!*

Were you ever tired of the Spring? If you were ever tired of the Spring I feel very sorry for you and I think something fundamentally is the matter with you. You say to me, *If you mean by the Spring blue skies, the opening of buds, the birds coming back and the warmth against your cheek, we never get tired of that; but rain, clouds and winds, they all belong to Spring too.* Of course they do, and they belong to life too. Storms, rain and wind are all a part of it, but did you ever get tired of the Spring? You know you have been tired of winter. I tell you I have been tired of winter, much as I love all the seasons as they come and go; how many times do we say to each other in the winter, *I am tired of this winter; I am tired of it.* How many times do you get tired of the summer? I know people who after a long, prolonged period of summer heat, cloudless skies, no rain, never cooling off at night, meet each other dripping with perspiration and say, *I am tired of this summer.* Do you ever say that about Spring? I have never met a person yet who ever acknowledged they were tired of the Spring. Why? Because we never get tired of that first glimpse of a little rippling stream in a lovely bit of woodland coming around to the road—the winter is past, imprisonment is over, and the little brook has started its musical way to the sea.

I had a most remarkable week just

passed even tho it was a week that entailed more than eight hundred miles of travel for the compensation was found in my opportunity to see the Spring come back again, as lucid and delicate and as imperceptible—there is something strange about the Spring; it is not bold and audacious; it never simply flares out all at once—*Beautiful Spring, hearts of lovers begin to leap*—we don't get up and find that it has happened all at once. There's a little bit of prophecy that comes way back in February; sometimes the voice is heard in the last of January. Spring has an imperceptible approach; it has the delicate artistry that comes with all great emotion and all fine aestheticism. It is never overpowering, never obtrusive, as summer is. In summer everything gets ripe; there is a sense of finality, and all at once we hear the purring of the reaper in the field; the fruit has ripened, the grain is ripe and the barns are filled, it is all here! Spring is much more artistic than summer. Spring is delicate, it is elusive. That is why, in spite of all the weariness of life, the drabness of life and the monotony of life Spring lifts the spirits of men and if you cannot respond to the Spring I beg of you to go see a doctor immediately because there is something the matter with you. If there is something in your soul and mind and heart that does not awaken and respond to Spring, something is wrong somewhere. You have a dried-up winter-wearied soul. There is something wrong somewhere if you cannot react to the first note of the robin.

Do you ever forget your first robin in the Springtime? I am sorry for the person so enslaved by the tyranny of city living that they don't make a real objective of watching for the first robin. I would no more miss the first robin and its song in the Spring than I would miss returning love that has been given to me. People who just say *O, there's another robin* miss something; and if you don't listen for the first melodious warbling of the meadowlark that you can hear out here on our prairies—you can hear them right within the city limits of Chicago—I heard one this morning in the bird sanctuary in Lincoln Park. Why don't some of you folks who have vinegar in your veins and are so soured with life and soured with people and irritated with everything, looking at everything through dark colored lenses, worried about war and depression, and the Communists in China, and Uncle Joe in the Kremlin, who worry about Washington and Springfield until you can hardly sleep, the awful responsibility of meeting life, —why don't you go to Lincoln Park and listen to a meadowlark? Why don't you go out sometimes in the Forest Preserves and watch the blue birds building their nests? *THERE WILL BE A SPRING WHEN COMMUNISM IS AS DEAD AS THE DODO; THERE WILL BE A SPRING FOR THE WORLD WHEN EVERY ATOM BOMB IS SUNK IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA* (as I hope they will be)! *THERE WILL BE A SPRING FOR THE WORLD WHEN EVERY LITTLE THING THAT IS IRRITATING AND BOTHERING YOU NOW AND SEEMS SO IMPORTANT IS JUST ELIMINATED OUT OF YOUR LIFE! THIS SPRING IS NEVER GOING TO FAIL THE WORLD—THERE WILL ALWAYS COME A SPRING!* As it always comes to the world, why don't you let it always come to your heart? Why carry over into the mood and tempo of Spring the agonies and turmoil of winter? That God who is eternal rectitude, and controls the ebb and flow of the tides of the sea, and carries in the palm of His hand the planets and the solar systems of the

universe—that God has created within each of our hearts another universe, not only of autumn, summer, and winter, but a universe that will always have the Spring. I haven't the faculty nor the power, my limitations are too great, but I wish I could possess for just a few minutes the power to project the healing beauty of Nature. Last week on Wednesday when I drove up through the heart of lovely Wisconsin to the city of Sheboygan and then on, after a lecture in Sheboygan, thirty-one miles to Manitowoc, and putting the car onto Pere Marquette ferry No. 22, we sailed out of the harbor of Manitowoc on Thursday morning, and as I stood in the bow of that ship going out into the night on this glorious inland sea, Lake Michigan, which it is our privilege to love and enjoy, I saw the night deepen and the stars come out, and I know of no other place in the world to get a more perfect perspective than alone on the prow of a ship at sea. Out there how everything else slips away—the little worries that frighten, the disappointments and heartaches that seemed so real and eternal, how they all vanish! And when the night deepened, and that ship carried a whole trainload of freight cars across Lake Michigan to the city of Ludington—there with the quiet of the night, the beauty of God becomes a reality; a strange kind of beauty, not the beauty that is veneer, not the beauty of city streets and high buildings and the artificiality of the night, not the beauty that belongs to the superficial, not the beauty created by man, but the beauty of God. Then it is you see life in its perspective! As I stood there I watched, beautifully and slowly, the great furnace door open and first just one blanket, one great blanket of gold hanging in the eastern sky, no sun, but prophecy, just the beauty of prophecy; the sea reflecting the gold!

The sea always reflects the sky. The color of the water is always taken from the sky. A sea is gray when skies are gray, it is blue when skies are blue. So with the soul of man, your soul and mine, it can be vibrant and beautiful and buoyant, not from the earth, not from the possession of matter, not from the enjoyment of earth, but from the sky! And why is the sky blue? Blue is the color of infinity, and eternity is always blue. Blue skies mean eternal skies and when the soul of man reflects the infinity of God, it reflects the beauty of God; the soul gets its color from the reflection of God.

. . . . And as I stood in that early morning hour and saw that blanket of gold and the thin, thin line of earth which was the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, I saw the sun gradually come up into the gold in a delicate crescent, as it started its pilgrimage toward the sky itself, reflecting God. After we landed, going down thru the heart of Michigan, smelling the good earth as the farmers plowed and harrowed their fields—every field that was being tilled reflected the promise of God for the fertility of the soil and the increase significant in the Spring. As the mileage deepened we came to a little stream that ran thru one of the counties of Upper Central Michigan and there was an irresistible sight, we had to stop, for nearby a cluster of woodland violets were singing their songs of Spring to a winter-tired city preacher's heart. It is the renaissance of the soul!

What a beautiful thing it would be if those who have cultivated no appreciation for the enjoyment of the beauty of the God of Nature would begin now to try and see its loveliness and its chant. There are two great books I would mention, the first by Fairfield Osborne, entitled "Our Plun-

dered Planet," and the second, "Road to Survival" by William Vogt. We are going to give Dr. Vogt an award in Denver and I am going to have the pleasure of presenting it to him. This, our good earth, productive and clean, jeopardized by industrial strain, jeopardized by exhaustion! God gave us this earth with skies enough, land enough, iron enough, oil enough, room enough and land enough for every man, woman and child on this earth to be tabnernacled, to be fed, to be clothed! This is our home, this good earth, and the only mean thing God is ever going to do to me, with all the sorrow, heartaches and troubles and worries, and I have had as much as any person in the congregation here, or listening, but the only mean thing that God will ever do is when he takes me out of this good earth. I love it. The laughter of every little child, the loyalty and love of my dog, the companionship of friends, the hearts who love us and the hearts we love . . . this earth is enough for the paradise of God and we should all be creating that paradise while we live. I never want to leave it, I never want to be taken out of it, I want to stay here just as long as I can, and I think the only heart that can say that truthfully and honestly is the heart that has found the beauty, in spite of all the rest, a heart that knows beauty, that looks for beauty, that cannot live without beauty, that must have beauty in its soul in order to live and appreciate life, and that beauty is so lavish in the Springtime.

How about it? Is it Spring in your soul? Do you thrill to the beauty of it in your heart? Well, you can, that can be yours, it can be an experience, and all the drabness and colorlessness of the things of life will just evaporate and you will find an enthusiasm and buoyancy for it that will be indescribably beautiful!

How I pity, this morning, with an inexpressible pity, those souls who are trying to find happiness and peace and beauty in the drab, drab things of mere appetite and lust and drink and artificiality—I pity them. How I wish that those who are listening now, for whom when the lights went out everything turned to gall and bitterness and there remained only the awful haunting fear of remorse and tragedy gnawing at their hearts . . . how I wish they could be out where it is clean, with the sunlight so pure, and where the birds and the buds and every tree and leaf would stretch out their hands and say, *You are making such a mistake! You will find no happiness and no peace!* God of the out-of-doors, touch indoor hearts with the strength and beauty of Thy Love!

If that could happen to some heart this morning listening to me, they would be so grateful that they had tuned in; they would be glad they came to church, and I think of no more effective or important thing to say in these closing moments of a Springtime message than that great memory of the birthday dinner to John Burroughs, God's Nature-loving, philosophical poet, John Burroughs. Have you read anything about him lately? How long has it been since you read one of his beautiful essays in his 12 or 14 volumes, and every sentence is an interpretation of Nature. John Burroughs had his eightieth birthday dinner in New York, the great lover of the out-of-doors. Doctor Henry Van Dyke presided at that dinner. They brought in more than a bushel basketful of telegrams for him. He sat at that dinner with his long white beard flowing around him like a cloud, wearing homespun clothes, a woolly shirt open at the throat. There he sat, a bit of the out-of-doors come to New York—a great heart! After they paid their compliments and tributes Dr. Van

Dyke said finally to John Burroughs, *Won't you just say something for your friends?* He arose and said one sentence. There he stood like a bit of bark from off a tree, John Burroughs, one of America's great voices of Nature. He arose and said, "My friends, I am eighty years old today, eighty, and if I had my way I would enlist all over again," and sat down. That is the verdict of one who had the Spring in his heart . . . and a little girl nineteen, on the fourteenth floor of a hotel building, took out of her purse a little pearl-handled revolver and placing it against her brow took her life. When they broke into her room they found a note which she had left and that note said, "This is my nineteenth birthday, I have seen all there is to see with life, I have lived it all, there is nothing more to live for." One at the age of nineteen, the other at eighty. The difference: one only knew the winter, the other knew the Spring.

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER BROADCASTS

SUMMER SERMONS BY DR. BRADLEY

As in former years, while the church is closed for the summer, WJJD will broadcast a fifteen-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley, by electrical transcription every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Thus, all summer long, while Dr. Bradley is at Lake Vermilion; then in Denver at the National Izaak Walton League of America Convention; then on board the "Nieuw Amsterdam" bound for England; and while he is preaching in London, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Belfast, and then goes to attend the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom at their congress in Amsterdam, later going to Czechoslovakia, Germany and France—during all this time, his friends, members of the church and radio listeners will be able to keep in touch with the inspiration and courage of his philosophy and religion, through these Sunday morning broadcasts.

The subjects Dr. Bradley has chosen for these sermonettes as he sometimes chooses to call them are as follows:

June 19—Religion Needs Some Humor
June 26—The Gods We Worship
July 3—American Independence
July 10—Why Science and Religion Are Allies
July 17—Melody in Your Hearts
July 24—Live a New Life!
July 31—A Free Man's Worship
Aug. 7—Outdoor Religion
Aug. 14—Courage!
Aug. 21—The Supreme Wonder of Life
Aug. 28—Life Not Meant to be Easy
Sept. 4—Man Against Darkness
Sept. 11—What Keeps Religion Going?

Tell your friends who may not know of these broadcasts to be sure to tune in.

* * *

Dr. Bradley will be heard from during the summer, with messages from abroad, which will be published in the pages of our summer Liberalists.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast by WJJD
Closing Service for Summer...June 12
Morning Services resumed....Sept. 18
Sunday Evening Services closed for the summer.
Evening Services resumed.....Nov. 6
Church School, Sundays.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Close for Summer.....June 12
Sunday School Picnic.....June 19
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures closed for summer.
Book Lectures resumed, Weds., Nov. 2

DR. BRADLEY'S
SUNDAY MORNING SUBJECTS

June 5—Goethe Sunday—
"OUR DEBT TO GOETHE"
June 12—Youth Sunday—
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS
Dr. Bradley will sail for the British Isles and Europe on the "Nieuw Amsterdam" sailing from New York, July 1st.

* * *

COMING EVENTS

June 3—Closing date of Mid-West Institute's Dale Carnegie Course in Anderson Hall.

June 5 — Uptown Players closing Drama Tea.

June 12 — Closing Sunday Church Service.

June 19—Sunday School Picnic, Forest Glen.

June 22-24—Dr. Bradley will attend the National Izaak Walton League of America Convention at Denver, Colorado.

June 25-26—Horse Show of Mary Bartelme Club, Oakwood Stables, Devon & Dee Roads; Preston Bradley Aux. and Prof. & Business Woman's Club participating.

July 1—Dr. Bradley sails from New York on "Nieuw Amsterdam."

July 10—Dr. Bradley preaches in Highgate Church, 66 Avenue Road, Highgate, London 6, England.

July 11—Dr. Bradley to give address in Church of the Divine Paternity, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

July 17—Dr. Bradley preaches in All Souls Church, Elmwood Avenue, Belfast, Ireland.

July 19-24—Dr. Bradley attends Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom. Dr. Bradley's address in Amsterdam: Care of Rev. Dr. S. van der Woude, 57 Reynier Vinkeleskade, Amsterdam, Holland. Later Dr. Bradley goes to Czechoslovakia, Germany and France.

Aug. 21—Choir Picnic.

Sept. 18—Opening Sunday Morning Church Service.
Opening Sunday School Service.

Sept. 19 — Opening Broadcast on WGN.

* * *

CLUB NOTES

The Woman's Club closed their official 1948-49 season with their Annual Spring Luncheon on May 2nd.

There are always summer events in progress, Bazaar work and tours, etc., and all inquiries may be addressed to

Mrs. Paul Raabe,
Corresponding Secretary,
215 N. Washington St.,
Park Ridge, Illinois.

* * *

The Professional and Business Woman's Club closed their official 1948-49 season with their Annual Din-

ner (Smorgasbord) on May 10th.

The Clyde Basslers presented a very delightful Irish Evening of Song and Poetry.

There will be some summer activities of the club and inquiries may be made of

Mrs. Roxanna Martens,
Corresponding Secretary,
1340 Bryn Mawr Ave.,
Chicago 40, Ill.

* * *

The Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club with the assistance of the Professional and Business Woman's Club on Sunday Evening, May 8th, were honored with a Benefit Concert by the Norwegian Singing Society of Chicago, Mr. Knute Hansen, Director.

The instrumental artists appearing on the program were Liv Solvig, cellist, and Aud Ravnan, pianist, who recently made his debut in Kimball Hall.

The concert was highly successful in every way, both as an artistic event and as a benefit financially. A very large and enthusiastic audience filled the church.

Miss Ruth Kruskopf is President of the Preston Bradley Auxiliary and had the chairmanship of the arrangements.

A summer event of great importance to this Auxiliary is scheduled for June 25th and 26th, when the Mary Bartelme Club and all its Auxiliaries will participate in a Horse Show to be given at Oakwood Stables, at Devon and Dee Roads.

Inquiries may be made of Miss Ruth Kruskopf, 5130 N. Bernard St., Ju. 8-3229.

* * *

The Men's Club of the church have had a most successful and outstanding season.

Closing night for the summer was Dr. Preston Bradley Night, on May 23rd.

It was an inspiring meeting, with Dr. Bradley giving the address of the evening. Ladies were invited and Anderson Hall was packed to overflowing.

For information regarding any summer events, or in reference to membership,

Mr. L. H. Hangel, President,
5130 N. Bernard St.
or
Mr. Harold Hansen, Secretary,
2218 Carmen Ave.,

will be glad to answer all questions.

* * *

The Choir held its last after-rehearsal party of the season Friday, May 27th.

Mr. Flandorf announces that he will be in Anderson Hall during the summer, every Friday evening at 7:30 (except when he is on vacation) just as he was last year, for the Sight-Singing classes and Glee Sings.

These weekly get-togethers in a nice cool spot on hot evenings last summer were greatly enjoyed by the twenty-or-so choir members who attended.

Mr. Flandorf invites anyone in the church or in the community who likes to sing to join them on Friday evenings this summer. Some of the young people who heard about these *Sings* and came to sing last summer remained in the fall to join the choir.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Fun a-Poppin'

The Annual Sunday School Picnic will be held at Forest Glen Forest Preserves, Sunday, June 19th, one week after the closing Sunday of church.

Those not having transportation are to meet at the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave., where the bus will leave

at 10 a.m., for the picnic grounds and will return at 6:30 p.m.

Ed. Paschal is program chairman and he has planned some real games and prizes for all.

The refreshment committee reports there will be plenty of hot dogs and soda pop, so it does sound as though fun would be a-poppin' on June 19th.

* * *

MID-WEST INSTITUTE CLASS in the PEOPLES CHURCH

Each year the Mid-West Institute, of 28 E. Jackson Blvd., with Mrs. Patricia Evans at its head, holds what is called an Indoctrination Class. This is held for the benefit of candidates for the teaching staff of the Dale Carnegie Institute of New York. Before being accepted, these graduates must actually conduct a class, and the Vice-President of the Institute comes from New York for the purpose of supervising their class performance.

This year The Peoples Church was fortunate in being chosen to furnish the group of people who would make up this class.

Fifty members and friends of the church, the largest number being from the Professional and Business Woman's Club and from the Men's Club, made up the group.

The class ran from May 16th through June 3rd, meeting fifteen nights from 8 to 10:30 o'clock in Anderson Hall.

From now on these fortunate students should know better how to Win Friends and Influence People and also How to Stop Worrying and Start Living.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The 26th season of The Uptown Players has drawn to a close, at least as far as the schedule of plays at the 11th Street Theatre is concerned. Still on the schedule, however, are the June Drama Tea, which will be held in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church on Sunday afternoon, June 5, at 4 o'clock; the presentation of an original skit for Pilot Club International at the Sheraton Hotel in Chicago on Thursday, June 16; and a performance of THE WINSLOW BOY at the Shrine Temple in Rockford, Ill., under the auspices of the Rockford Optimist Club on June 26.

The final Drama Tea on June 5 promises to be one of the most interesting of the current season. For several years now it has been our custom to present scenes from the plays presented at the 11th Street Theatre during the previous season. This season they were I REMEMBER MAMA, LIFE WITH FATHER, AN INSPECTOR CALLS, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, THE WINSLOW BOY, JOHN LOVES MARY, PORTRAIT IN BLACK, and OUR TOWN. J. Bradley-Griffin, founder-director of The Uptown Players, will be Master of Ceremonies and the soloists for the afternoon will be Roger Chirpe, of The Peoples Church Sunday School, who played Arne in I REMEMBER MAMA and Wally Webb in OUR TOWN; and Connie Stephens, our Production Chairman, who played Gay Wellington, the actress, in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU and Lilly in JOHN LOVES MARY. She is also one of Mr. Bradley-Griffin's co-artists in his recital version of CAROUSEL.

Although Mr. Bradley-Griffin is looking forward to a much needed rest

this summer, a good part of his time will be devoted to laying plans for next season. It's quite a task to select a season of eight plays which are not only suitable for an organization such as ours but which are available to us. Many of the really good plays, including THE GLASS MENAGERIE, are not released to non-professional groups in Chicago. Under the circumstances, in order to round out a season, we include one or two old plays which we feel are worth repeating. We are anxious to please our friends and patrons and welcome suggestions at all times.

We will again offer our Patron Membership next season at no increase in prices. A Patron Membership costs only $10.00 (exclusive of tax) for the Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday afternoon performances, and $13.00 (exclusive of tax) for the Saturday performances. For this amount the purchaser receives 12 admissions to the plays, plus an admission to the Drama Teas which are held the first Sunday of each month in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church. In addition to all that, the patron's name is listed in the program each month and is privileged to call and reserve seats in the special section reserved for patrons. Individual tickets for the Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday performances are $1.25, including tax; and for the Saturday performances, $1.50, including tax.

Incidentally, would you like to help your own organization earn money next fall and winter? You can do so by arranging a theatre party of 25 or more of your friends and purchasing our regular $1.25 tickets for the Wednesday, and Sunday performances, at the reduced price of 75c each. You in turn sell the tickets to your friends at the regular price, thus making 50c on each ticket. If you are interested, just drop us a line at our headquarters, 1149 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 10. We will gladly furnish information on our 1949-1950 season, our patron memberships, and our club plan.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank our patrons and friends for their wonderful co-operation and to wish them a most pleasant and restful summer.

AN AFFIRMATION OF BELIEF

WOODWORTH JAMES

(Member of Walpole Town Congregational Society, Unitarian, Walpole, New Hampshire)

I believe in God. An all pervading spiritual power, having three great and comprehensive attributes.

First, as I look about me at the world and evaluate my own personal experience, I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am living in a universe of law. Law upon which it is obvious that I can absolutely depend; to obey which shows wisdom and to disobey which invites penalties. Indeed, when I consider the stupendous ramifications and nice exactitudes of universal law it would be difficult to avoid rendering homage to the author of it all. And so I must believe in a God of law.

But I cannot believe that God makes laws without purpose. It seems to me that there are evidences on all sides that He is hard at work as a builder of something momentous and that He depends on us as His co-workers. Furthermore, I am going to venture a suggestion—that He is building a structure which might be called the ultimate possibilities of the human soul.

Although it is not always easy to understand this principle, yet the alter-

(*Continued on page* 13)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

UP in the northern Minnesota country, at Lake Vermilion, where I spend so many happy and delightful summer days, about six miles from our little island by water, is a poratage which leads a half mile into a lovely little lake. I have visited this little lake many, many times. I keep a fishing boat at the end of the portage, a small boat that all winter long is turned upside down and covered with tar paper and balsam boughs. The boat waits for me there under a century-old cedar tree, and all winter long I wait for the moment when I once again shove my boat into the waters of the lake, push away from the shore, and realize that winter is over and spring has come again.

The bay where I keep the boat is very muddy, and when stirred with the oars or the paddle of a canoe, it releases an indescribable stench. However, right out of the scum and the mud grow the most beautiful pond lilies I have ever seen—the white pond lilies, the flower that has always seemed to me a symbol of life—mud and beauty —mud and stars—reality and dreams. During the first part of the season when we go to the lake, not even the lily buds are in evidence, but soon the waters are warmed by the sun, and the first evidence of life begins to creep up to the surface of the lake. The buds form, and we say, "Well, in a day or two now, the flowers will be in full bloom." The glory of that scene—as we leave the big lake, go over the portage, down through the swamp to the shore, under interlaced boughs of cedar and balsam, and catch the first glimpse of the little bay where we keep the boat—is one which delights the soul.

Sometimes we have remained in the little lake until twilight—and there are long twilights up north, and there is no more beautiful sight in all this world than when one stands on the shore or drifts in a boat and sees the lovely, white, spiritual, sensitive pond lilies begin to close their petals and go to sleep. Mud and beauty! I have thought of it many times, as we have waited for twilight to deepen and darkness to settle down on the placid waters of the hid-

den lake, and then have used our flashlights to go over the portage.

You cannot drive an automobile to this lake, buried away in the forest. You cannot even find the portage if you do not know where it is. It is a very intimate place. It does not want people who do not love beauty. There is no room for the despoiler, the game hog or the fish hog. It doesn't like that. I have sat in my boat in the late evening and counted eight deer at one time, drinking the waters of the lake, as I have walked around the shoreline or rowed around in a boat, and climbed the rocky hills just for the sheer enjoyment of hearing and seeing things, with no veneer, no subterfuge, no pretense—just reality! That's what nature is—the out-of-doors—the rocks are just what they are—they don't pretend to be anything else. Only men pretend to be what they are not;—never trees, never rocks, never my little lake. It's reality! It takes the dust and the debris and the soot of a city to be filled with veneer and hypocrisy and lies. But the old pine tree says, *Look at me, I am just what I am.* And the ancient rocks say, *Here we are, just what we are.* And the lake says, *Here I am, no pretense, no artificiality, no pose, no effort to impress people.* Nature says, *Here I am, just as I am.*

We all need this truth in this moment. We are not being honest. We are practicing subterfuge. We are doing it all along the line. We are doing it in international relations; and there is a deep-seated undercurrent of fear; so we try to be something we are not. We make pretenses. We do it in labor relations, and some who stand in the way of our solution of our problems of labor try to talk about impairing our form of government. They don't mean that, that's pretense. What they all mean is, that there are not going to be as many dollars, and there isn't going to be as much profit—that's what they really mean. With the result that we get out of one difficulty into another, and make any old excuse, create any old fear, or propaganda, anything at all—except reality!

I shall never forget one night, when we stayed until dusk on the lake, and then it darkened into a blanket of blackness. I was a little worried about the homeward trip, and all at once we made the last stroke of the oars and got the little boat into the shore crevice where we kept it, and where the bank of mud had been worn off and broken away until it made a natural harbor. Well, right on the surface of that muddy bay, where we had stirred up the dirt of the bottom until it was all over the surface, right in that pool of mud I saw a star, bright and brilliant. For a brief moment I thought I had stirred up something that was phosphorous. I said *Look! There's a light in the mud!* And then it dawned, for it was a star, a perfect star. I turned toward the sky, a black, black sky, and in the quiet it was still and beautiful, and just between two peaks of tall pine trees, as I changed my position, I could see a star in the sky, but from where I sat in the little boat I first saw the star in the mud. There was a pine tree between me and the star in the sky, and I couldn't see the star that was reflecting its beauty in the mud and glistening on the water. The mud picked up the beauty of the star, but between me and the star a tree was in the way, and I couldn't see the star, the sky star, but I could see the star in the mud.

Well, our lives today are pretty muddy, the waters are roiled, the scum is coming up. They are almost opaque. We thought for a little while, when the fighting had ceased and all felt the ecstasy of a military victory—we thought *nowhere in the world is a bomb dropping out of the sky; nowhere in*

the world is a boy being killed; nowhere in the world are people burrowing in the earth against fear, destruction and torture;—peace has come, and we have an opportunity to create beauty; the night is past and we all hoped a new day was being born for the world. Now we are caught in the mud! It is clinging to our feet and our ankles; the mud of profit, the mud of greed, the mud of avarice, the mud of jealousy, the mud of fear, until gripping our hearts is this ghastly world situation. And it is all so wrong, so unnecessary. And people are telling us every day, of course, that America needs this, and America needs that; the world needs this and the world needs that; and so perhaps you will forgive me if I say what I think we all need; not only as a nation and as a world, but what we, ourselves, as individuals, need most. We have learned much about how to live in proximity. In other words, science has given what it has given to everyone, no matter what their creed or color, because the black man listens to the radio just as the white man, and we are in proximity in our common use of these things. And I wish I had the power to project to everyone who is listening the seriousness of what I consider to be our greatest need. Can it be there are little minds and little lives living in a sense of being imperilled by another, who want to hold on and hang on to their little safety and their little security, and who feel that another religion and race imperils that security and that therefore they must hate and probably kill? Do you think that is the answer? Well, it is not! It never has been and never will be. Don't hate!

Our biggest need is LOVE—and there is another word we could all use more than we do and that is, the word OUR. Who taught us that word? *OUR Father who art in Heaven*—OUR Father—OUR nation—OUR church—OUR country—OUR world—OUR brother. Is there a star in the mud? Of course there is! And it is shining brightly and beautifully. The star—oh, it is so simple, but so powerful. What is it? It is the miracle star; it is the very heart and soul of everything beautiful and good;—the star of love. Love;—love of our fellow men, love of the poor, of the underprvileged, of the homeless. The love that will manifest itself in action, and then we will never have to worry about America. Let America love and all will be well. Let America hate and we shall all die together!

Adelaide Love of Evanston, beautifully describes a similar experience to mine in the little poem entitled "The Star and the Leaf" which I quote from her book of poems of that name:

"Watching a rising star in the autumn darkness,
Marking it graze a roof and slowly climb,
Suddenly a single leaf on a treetop
Hid the golden world from me for a time.

How small a thing to obscure so vast a brightness!
For all *that* the star shone forth in a moment more,
A trifle had screened from my eyes a great resplendence.
But this, alas, has happened to me before."

Not Just June 8th

To the Associate Editor, Grace Thayer Bradley, on her birthday

May all of June be kind to her.
May breezes softly blow,
And the birds sll sing sweet songs to her
And somehow make her know
That they want her to be happy,
And they want her health to glow;
That they're singing just to please her
Because they love her so.

E.W.S.

AN AFFIRMATION OF BELIEF

(*Continued from page* 9)

native is the old conception of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" and that, in the light of modern science, is unthinkable. Therefore I believe in a God of purpose.

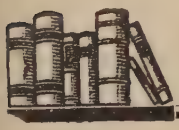
As we are co-workers, so are we spiritually kindred and, in a measure, share with him in the third great attribute. It transcends the others, being in itself the highest law and the mainspring of purpose.

I refer of course to love. Love in the broader sense as well as in the narrower. But the love of God is something very difficult to describe in mere words, its realization being largely a matter of inner experience; and yet who has not felt the validity of such terms as "the everlasting arms," the "mercy of God" and the "peace of God which passeth all understanding?" Surely the beneficence and beauties of the visible world should mean something to me, and besides, I have great confidence in the homing instinct of man, that instinct which in all ages, all races and regardless of geographical location has caused human beings to turn in worship to a spiritual being higher than themselves. I believe in a God of love.

I was born long enough ago to have witnessed the closing years of the Victorian age, with its too sure assumptions and then, imperceptibly, almost without knowing it, I slipped into the so-called scientific age, with its unashamed materialism, resulting finally in two great world wars. And now, knowing it all too well, I have just entered the atomic age, sublime or horrible, as we are to make it.

Meanwhile I ponder that short, deeply significant phrase of the Psalmist as he also tried to express his belief in a Supreme Being. "God," he wrote, "is our refuge and strength."

Such, then, is my affirmation of belief in God. (From "Our Faith" for May, 1949)



BOOK CHATS

THE first book I have chosen for our June number has a rather intriguing title, for it is called *Guideposts*. In this country where we have the finest roads and road system in all the world, we all know how handy the guideposts are and how necessary to the smooth-running of our travelling plans, and so that title for a book *Guideposts*, means something very definite; and the many, many sub-titles for the various divisions of the book would indicate that this book contains guideposts to the smooth-running of life itself. The book has been edited by Norman Vincent Peale in response to a popular demand.

Norman Vincent Peale is probably known to almost every reader. Many of you have read his several books, or have have heard him on the air; he has a program Sunday mornings during the summer which is heard throughout the mid-west. Perhaps you have attended his church, the oldest Protestant church in America—the Marble Collegiate Church of Lower Fifth Avenue, New

York—founded 318 years ago, in and out of whose doors go the people of all faiths and creeds. He wrote *The Art of Living, You Can Win* and *A Guide to Confident Living;* then in collaboration with the well-known psychologist, Dr. Smiley Blanton, the book *Faith is the Answer.* Last May I reviewed Dr. Peale's *A Guide to Confident Living,* and perhaps some of you may remember it. That book is plain, simple and practical, for Dr. Peale over a number of years has had the opportunity to work with large numbers of people facing modern problems in the heart of America's largest city. And he has evolved a specific technique designed to lead people to personal happiness and success. Now when a man like Dr. Norman Vincent Peale edits a book called *Guideposts,* which consists of personal messages of inspiration and faith by outstanding Americans, you may be sure that the book is just what it says it is, and that it is practical, easy to understand, and definitely helpful.

The book really began as letters, spontaneous letters written to Dr. Peale. These letters seemed so important to him and some neighbors, that they formed a non-profit organization, called *Guideposts, Associates, Incorporated,* in Pawling, New York, and each month they publish in pamphlet form such messages as are in this book. And after several years a demand arose for a collection of these inspiring articles in a more permanent form. This book *Guideposts,* is the answer to this demand. Dr. Peale has written an introduction to the book in which he tells us that "Guideposts is a collection of inspiring, true-life experiences told by men and women of all faiths, in all walks of life. Some of the most famous people in America—together with persons who drive our buses, carry our luggage, teach in our schools and mingle with us on crowded sidewalks—relate personal incidents of how faith works in their lives. This book is packed with moving examples of how a simple faith can bring out almost incredible power and greatness in human beings." Dr. Peale tells us that it is possible to rise above disaster, overcome fear, break the worry habit, convert handicaps into assets, solve seemingly impossible problems.

No doubt there is somewhere in this volume a message or an experience that will hit to the core of *your* problem, if you have one, and who does not who is alive today. It is very helpful to look at your own problem objectively—through the similar experience of another. The experiences of men like Gene Tunney, Harold Russell, Eddie Rickenbacker, or Sammy, the Singing Bus Driver, may give you a fresh slant on your own problems. Or perhaps knowing how Lowell Thomas, Cecil deMille, J. C. Penny, J. Edgar Hoover or William Green have applied certain principles in a practical manner to everyday life situations and have thus climbed the ladder of success may bring some new light to your own situation.

The magazine *Guideposts,* which formed the basis of this book is a non-profit, non-sectarian magazine of inspiration. The authors who write their personal experiences include Protestants, Catholics and Jews. Universal principles of faith are stressed. The authors have contributed their inspiring articles freely and all royalties from the book will be used to expand the work of *Guideposts.* They do it because they believe that *Guideposts* will bring about a better understanding among members of all races, colors and creeds.

In telling his readers how to use this book, Dr. Peale suggests that you keep it on your night table; that you open it at random or consult the index for an article to suit your mood. Under the

heading "Contents," are listed a dozen headings, such as THROWING OFF YOUR FEARS—PRAYER IN TIME OF NEED — YOUR HAPPINESS FORMULA—FINDING THE SUCCESS SPARK—under these headings of course is listed the title of the articles, and under this last heading are such articles as *Human Relations and Business Success,* by A. O. Malmberg, or *Finding the Hidden Success Spark,* by John Glossinger. Mr. Glossinger tells how a shipping clerk who never earned more than $35 a week for sixteen years, by Mr. Glossinger's persistence and their working it out together, became a $10,000 a year man —Mr. Glossinger's interest literally brought the man out of his self-imposed shell. Then under this head is one entitled *They Call Me "Success Story"*— a true story of Lane Bryant which is as fascinating as any novel you ever read. Under the title to each story appears a four or five-line biography of the author, and under this story by Lane Bryant appears the following: "The faith of our fathers is strong within us . . . and the influence of our grandparents helps us in moments of distress and decision. Lane Bryant, immigrant girl at sixteen, now has a great Fifth Avenue store bearing her name, and a four-acre mail-order plant in Indianapolis fills over 10,000 orders a day. Begun on a needle and thread basis, the Lane Bryant sales now are in the fifty million dollars a year bracket."

Some of the other headings under which these vital stories appear are SORROWS NEEDN'T GET YOU DOWN—HANDICAPS CAN BECOME ASSETS — REVITALIZING YOUR LIFE THROUGH FAITH—INSPIRATION — MONDAY TO SATURDAY—COMMON GROUND BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION, under which is an article called *There Are No Atheists in Laboratories,* by Gustavus J. Esselen—then a division of the book called ON MAKING RIGHT DECISIONS (and oh, how important that one is) with such articles as *Technique For Making a Decision,* by Roger W. Babson, the head of the Babson Institute in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and a distinguished author and outstanding business leader. Then comes a division called HOME-CENTER OF HAPPINESS, with articles by Cecil B. deMille, J. Edgar Hoover, Lowell Thomas, Ted Malone and my friend William L. Stidger.

The final division is called IMPROVING YOUR COMMUNITY LIFE. The contributors to this section are Dorothy Canfield, Maurice Smith, Edward Thompson and George Stoll, the latter writing on *How Christianity Can Work in Your Community* and under the author's name is this little description: "Congregations should certainly do more than congregate! So thought George Stoll one Sunday morning while coming out of church. Roused into action, Mr. Stoll, president of the Stoll Oil Refining Company, gathered together a group of Louisville churchmen and fired them with his enthusiasm. The work of the resulting Committee on Institutions of the Louisville Council of Churches has produced a new youth center, improved jail conditions and bettered local government." This book GUIDEPOSTS is a very lovely book to read if you would like to revaluate your life and take stock and have a sort of spring housecleaning of your own individual house. The book is not expensive, was published last year by Prentice-Hall, and I feel sure you will be grateful to me for bringing it to your attention. Roger Babson gives us an interesting thought in his *Technique for Making a Decision.* In trying to allay his fear of taking ether, his doctor advised, "just don't try to *breathe in* the ether.

Simply *blow out* the air already in your lungs." And Mr. Babson suggests that instead of *breathing in* more worries, we should *blow them out* and then a solution to the problem can come in.

* * *

Next I bring you a book which I believe will have universal appeal to all lovers of great literature—a book which, if you do not possess it already, you will certainly want to add to your library, for though bound in one book, you will have stories by forty-five writers. Some of the stories are over two thousand years old and some of them were written only yesterday.

We owe thanks for this book to Samuel Cummings, who collected these great stories and to the publishers Pellegrini & Cudahy for publishing them. It is called Golden Legends. These stories are arranged chronologically, which in itself would make the book of great interest, following the progress of man's thinking. Some are simple stories familiar to us since childhood and a part of a heritage very precious to us, to be shared with today's generation: Anatole France's beautiful *Juggler of Notre Dame;* Charles Dickens' poignant *A Child's Dream of a Star,* and that lovely story of Nathaniel Hawthorne—*The Great Stone Face.* You will remember it, I am sure—the mother and her little boy who lived in the great valley, where they had but to lift their eyes, and there was The Great Stone Face, plainly to be seen, though miles away; and the legend about it which even the Indians had heard from their forefathers, that at some future day, a child should be born thereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Also in the book are profound masterpieces of religious fiction: Dostoevsky's *Grand Inquisitor,* Tolstoy's *Where Love Is, There God Is Also,* Bunyan's *Vanity Fair,* and Johnathan Swift's *A Tale of a Tub.* There are also great fiction writers of our own day: Theodore Dreiser, James Joyce, Aldous Huxley and John Steinbeck. Samuel Cummings has collected here a rich treasure which readers will find enjoyable as well as rewarding. They are all very human stories. Many of them will be delightful discoveries: Strindberg's *The Votive Offering,* Selma Lagerlof's *Flight Into Egypt* and Frank Norris's *The Joyous Miracle.*

Alson J. Smith of Stamford, Connecticut writes an introduction to *Golden Legends* and there is a foreword by Mr. Cummings. In it he tells us that legends are not necessarily fictional or untrue, but all legends are in essense traditional. Many of these Golden Legends embody ancient traditions that have persisted through the ages because they contain truth which has inspired the artist as it has generations of lesser men. He says he has had a wide field to choose from, because the drama of the human spirit as manifested in works of the creative imagination can never really be isolated from what in the broadest sense may be called the religious spirit. Mr. Cummings believes that all great writers defy labeling, and it would be foolish on the evidence of his writing to describe one writer as a skeptic, another as an agnostic, and still another as a Catholic, or Methodist, or whatever other denomination you might mention. And here I quote from Mr. Cumming's Foreword: "The artist often gives valid expression to attitudes which are not necessarily his own. How else explain the fact that Anatole France could write the cynical *The Procurator of Judea,* and then turn around and write the moving and

simple fable of *The Juggler of Notre Dame?* ' Which of these can be said to reveal the true Anatole France? A few of the writers in this collection can be called *Christian Heretics* in the sense that they were in revolt against a specific form of established religion —usually the one in which they had been brought up. Every creative writer seeks to hold up the mirror to his own age, but all too often the mirror reflects merely his own personality—his own doubts and uncertainties. Modern man, living in an age of confused values, can derive much solace as well as some enlightenment from the spectacle of the great imaginative minds of the past who grappled with the very problems that beset us all. Sometimes the artist's vision may be distorted by his suffering; sometimes it is narrowed and confused by his peculiar limitations as a man; but if he is truly creative, his work will always contain a spark of the truth that makes art timeless."

Mr. Alson Smith, in his introduction tells us "these stories are of many types and come from the pens of many writers . . . but have one thing in common—they are all facets of the . . . seeking spirit of man. Philosophers, theologians, sages and saints have made their contribution here, and so have writers who are not in any formal sense 'religious' and whose names have a strange sound in this context . . . There is something here for every taste, the simple and the sophisticated, and for every level of . . . development. Taken together, these stories are eloquent witnesses to the alikeness and the diversity of the human soul." There are stories here by Hans Christian Andersen, Herman Melville, Alphonse Daudet, Gabrielle d'Annunzio, Don Marquis, Goethe, Edgar Allen Poe, Bjornson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Powys, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Steinbeck, from The Desert Fathers, from the Old Testament and the New Testament and from Gesta Romanorum. Mr. Smith reminds us that in Elmer Rice's *Street Scene* "there is a memorable moment when the heroine, rebelling against the drabness of life in a tenement, with its dreary drudgery and suffocating poverty, suddenly cries out, 'But there *must* be something more to life than this!' " He reminds us that it is also our cry in a disintegrating world; and says that obviously we are not going back to the Middle Ages, nor should we, but that the world is rediscovering spiritual values as man's only bastion against the night. And that the scientists themselves, though in the past sometimes contemptuous of life's intangibles, are today affirming the primacy of the spiritual and the urgent necessity of developing a spiritual defense against the atomic bomb—the only kind of defense that can work against that awesome weapon.

Just to give you the names of a few of the stories included, there is an anonymous one called *The Hermit and the Treasure; The Whaler's Sermon,* by Melville; *Napoleon and Pope Pius VII,* by de Vigny; *The Plague at Bergamo,* by Jacobsen, *Markheim* by Stevenson; *Bontshe the Silent,* by Peretz, and many, many more. Mr. Smith tells us, "It may be said with accuracy that some of these stories are myths. Exactly. The myth is the carrier and conserver of the best in human experience, a sort of cultural deep-freeze in which all that is most meaningful for one generation is preserved for the next and the next and the next. The great myths—Prometheus, Jacob and his sons, and so forth—symbolize the fundamental meaning of life on this planet. Myths represent, in the words of Mark Schorer, 'A large, controlling image . . . which gives philosophical meaning to the facts of ordinary life, and has organizing value for experience.' We live

in an age," says Mr. Smith, "which, suddenly confronted with the bankruptcy of its old, accepted values in politics, economics, and religion, desperately needs to rediscover the spiritual world, and the reality of that world as the only ultimate reality. The late Pierre du Nouy, Erwin Schroedinger, and A. Cressy Morrison are among the more eminent scientists to plead with mankind to rediscover the spiritual sources of life. And in the field of psychiatry, Dr. Jung himself has stated that he did not have a patient over thirty-five years of age whose problem, in the last analysis, was not that of finding a religious outlook on life."

There is a refreshing lack of denominationalism about these stories. It is good for us to be reminded that the spiritual often works outside the churches, and, sometimes, even in spite of the churches. Like new wine in an old wineskin, the spiritual is too yeasty to be contained within the boundaries of any rigorism, institutional or doctrinal. The format of the book "Golden Legends" published in 1948 by Pellegrini & Cudahy, is very lovely and the contents very valuable. P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I THOUGHT when we met again over the friendly Mail Bag for June, I would be at our Island home. If the weather were balmy and sweet, as Junetime should ever be, I would be sitting in my favorite corner of the front porch, looking out over the bay, inhaling that pure, clear, pine-scented air of Northern Minnesota, feeling grateful for my good fortune, or, should the weather be other than comfortably warm, I might be seated before the open fire in the living room, enjoying its cozy heat and glow, my pad of paper on my lap or broad arm-rest of the chair, and I would scribble with pencil fitfully, making my copy to send to Miss Smalley to type at home in the study, for the June Liberalist. This I thought when I bade you good-bye in the May number!

Many things can happen to turn one's plans topsy-turvy—chiefly, it has been too cold, and I have not regained my strength sufficiently to make the trip or change my environment at present. It will not be long though! In fact it will not be long before we will all be scattered—the minister of the flock—and the people!

Dr. Bradley will be off to Europe as delegate to the Congress of Religion in Amsterdam, and some preaching in London and elsewhere. He has not been across since the war, and he feels he should go and glean some facts at first hand, and see some of our dear friends over there to whom there have come many sad changes during the war years, and since.

I regret inexpressibly that I cannot make the trip. I shall keep the home fires burning at the Island and await his return. The church services will close June twelfth, and you will scatter —most of you will take vacations you

have planned for all winter, be it short or long; it is that time looked forward to all year; going home to see Mother or the folks, or a trip east, or west, or to "the Lake," boating and fishing—to the farm—the village—the Summer Resort—somewhere that means a fortnight perhaps (or longer, or less) of recreation, shaking off all the little worries and the rush and flutter of the city, looking upon new scenes, breathing purer air, seeing new faces, perhaps your dear ones, and returning refreshed, ready to meet the challenge of life and work in the city!

Some there are who cannot go away. Thank God for our beautiful city parks. Do go to them as often as possible, to walk on the grass and get under the shade of trees and smell the luscious sweetness of green leaves and grass! No perfume ever equaled the scent of freshly cut grass!

I never knew Spring to come so suddenly; it fairly burst upon us! One April day it was Winter—nothing doing in trees or bushes, just drab and dead looking—then came a rainy night and day—the next day blazing sunshine, and behold the trees were in bud, the next day they were in leaf and the lilacs popped out like corn in a popper. No time to slowly develop, but there they were, nodding their heads, not as rich in color or as large as usual, but beautiful and most welcome, sending out their delicate scent and making you think you were in the country! forsythias, like sunshine, and lilacs, are an annual blessing, particularly to the city.

And now, my friends, we must look into the Mail Bag, for the hour grows late and, in the parlance of editors and publishers, "The little magazine must be put to bed"—and so, too, must I!

* * *

The first letter I have chosen for you is from Mrs. Myra Strawn Hartshorn, who became a member of our church on Easter Sunday and it was most kind of her to write this letter of appreciation to Dr. Bradley. She has evidently been a listener for many years and her comments I am sure you will find most interesting: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Let me congratulate you most heartily on your Twenty-fifth Anniversary of broadcasting. During this quarter of a century you have grown greatly in understanding, spirituality and power of expression, 'til it seems to me you are now fully qualified for great leadership.

"Such leadership is needed, for we have reached the most critical period since the Civil War. The forces of evil were never stronger; the possibilities of human conquest of evil were never greater.

"Through your mastery of broadcasting you can show the way to a larger mass of people than leaders could ever appeal to before.

"May you have physical strength for the all-important work that awaits you. May you be guided and blessed through many years to come.

Sincerely,
Myra Strawn Hartshorn."

* * *

The following telegrams were among those received by Dr. Bradley on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his broadcasting of the church services and were greatly appreciated by him. The first is from Jerry Sullivan who first introduced Dr. Bradley in radio, over station WQJ 25 years ago:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Sincerest and best wishes for your continued broadcasts. It was a milestone in my life 25 years ago, of which I am proud. You have given the world 25 years of constructive thinking. Am with you in spirit, en route to Dixon, Illinois. Sincerely. Jerry Sullivan."

The other telegram which I wish to give you here, is from Warden Sain of the Cook County Jail, a man for whose work Dr. Bradley has high regard:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Heartiest congratulations to a great leader. You are an inspiration to all mankind in our country. Frank G. Sain."

* * *

The following lovely letter is from one who evidently enjoys the beauties of nature and was so impressed with the sermon Dr. Bradley preached on "The God of the Out-of-Doors," which is published elsewhere in this number, that she was finally impelled to do what she had long intended doing:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: This time I'm going to do it. Time and again I've wanted to tell you how wonderful a sermon has been, what a help and inspiration, and how so often it fits completely into our lives, helping to lighten some little anxiety or care.

"Today we made that lake trip with you, having seen the beauties you so vividly described.

"Sincerely hope you people have a wonderful summer and plenty of rest. Minnesota is indeed a delightful place for just that.

"We, too, enjoy the Spring and all the wonders that it brings. Our little home is on the east bank of Rock River and the sunsets are so beautiful we never tire of watching the gorgeous colors change and fade, the reflections of trees and sky in the water, never twice alike.

"The many, many times my husband and I have said 'How can anyone watch that and doubt God?'

"When that first robin appears we start putting water in the bird bath. In spite of the river they prefer the bird bath. Have seen them use it on such chilly days one would they think would freeze. It's such fun to see one or two birds sitting on the ground or picket fence, waiting for several to get out of the bath so they may have a turn at it.

"I *started* to write you of Mother's remark at the end of your sermon Sunday. (She is that dear, sightless little Mrs. Brown of whom Guy Walker—or "The Duke of Paducah"—wrote you.) As you finished talking, she reached out, took my hand and said, 'Oh! I have been *seeing* all through the sermon. Dr. Bradley made it so vivid I saw it all!'

"Hope the Liberalist will bring it to us again some day, as she loves to have me read every word to her.

"Sometime when you return and are in Rockford, and have time, if you could drop in to see her for a few minutes, it would mean everything to her.

"Our very best wishes for yourself and Mrs. Bradley.

Sincerely,

Laura O. Smith

(Mrs. G. Harold)"

I'm sure you will all agree with me that Mrs. Brown's remark is just about the most beautiful compliment and comment any minister could ever wish to hear.

* * *

The following letter from Greencastle, Indiana, from Mr. J. O. Cammack, was, like the previous letter, inspired by our sermon of the month, "The God of the Out-of-Doors," and it seemed appropriate to include it in this Mail Bag, not only for that reason, but because it belongs with springtime appreciation, and the story he tells of working with nature is so very interesting.

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I only heard a part of your sermon this morning, but enjoyed what I heard very much. I wish you could see our beautiful flowers now in the grounds of our old, but beautiful home. We have dogwood,

redbud, lilac, wild crab apple, violets, wisteria and many other early things. I have been able to get out to see and enjoy the last few days.

"I am sending you a copy of a little poem I wrote, but it doesn't do justice to what one can see and feel. It needs more color. I was out in the sunshine of our big lawn. Almost forty years ago I bought an old orchard about a mile from my downtown studio, just in the edge of town. My wife is an artist with flowers and shrubs, which she planted in a more or less informal way, together with trees of various kinds. Some of the latter have grown to a height of fifty feet or more. It is so informal that it is really one of the show places of town, and people are coming most every day to see it.

"My wife is a natural artist in many other things. In 1910 we built a house from her plans, and have lived in it all through these years, raising a family of three children, who have gone to homes of their own and who are mighty glad to get back to their home in Greencastle when they can.

"The trouble now is that I have been unable to work for so long that it doesn't look too well when I look ahead on the financial side. I am sure that a way will be provided though, for 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

"I don't know what you will think of the little poem I am enclosing, but it tells a little of what my surroundings made me feel.

"I miss your nightly broadcasts and am glad to know that you will be back on the air again next fall. When do you leave on your European trip? I only got part of your broadcast that told about it.

Sincerely yours,
J. O. Cammack."

And here is Mr. Cammack's poem, which he calls

SPRINGTIME

Can't you hear the red-bird singing;
A-calling to his mate?
Can't you see the robin winging
To her nest beside the gate?

Can't you smell the springtime odors
Wafted through the air?
Why, your heart just swells with gladness
With such beauty everywhere.

Oh, the joys of early springtime
In a rural home like ours!
God is good to give us freedom
In a land so filled with flowers!

I'm sure you feel with me that one with a grateful heart such as this poem expresses will always find that "The Lord is his shepherd" and that he "shall not want."

And now it is time to close our Mail Bag, and I shall look forward to chatting with you again, and probably from the Island. We shall be watching for your letters, which please send to Tower, Minnesota.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

LIFE NOT MEANT TO BE EASY

Most of us walk with the procession or in the crowd. Those way out in front who constitute the leaders, the more spectacular type of person, are, after all, few. The rest of us spend our lives plodding along, taking each day as we find it, dreaming our dreams, and seeing some of them crash to earth, and also experiencing the joy of success and triumph. We have our illnesses, suffer pain, stand by the bedside of loved ones as they leave us, endure our defeats, and sometimes wonder whether life is not being unkind. Our hearts

sink, and then we need to be encouraged and urged on. People of genius, to whom nature has been generous, want little of such encouragement. They seem to be sufficient unto themselves, but they are in the great minority. Most of us who are living life need help along the way. It is the common people—and you remember Lincoln's phrase, "God must have loved the common people or he wouldn't have made so many of them"—well, it is the common people whose problems are our problems, and whose troubles are our troubles.

I speak to hearts that need to have always ready the last ounce of strength, all the reserve possible, for sometimes the challenge is very great and the burden heavy. There are people who have been deluded into thinking that life is meant to be easy, and when they find it otherwise, rather than put up the fight which all of us must make, they resign and give up. When was life ever meant to be easy? I have never found it so. Would the name of Helen Keller ever have been known if she had given up, as so many less handicapped than she have done with much less excuse? At nineteen months she was permanently blind and deaf, her only speech a gurgling sound.

In all her years she has never looked on this fair universe or seen the beauty of a face; never heard the sound of a bird or the sound of a human voice. She took what was left of her mutilated body, and through her courage and intelligence opened up a different world. She once said that she liked to go rowing alone on the river near her home. "I like to go rowing alone," she said, "and steer my way by the smell of the flowers along the banks."

Elizabeth Barr Haas wrote a poem she called "Creed for the Dauntless," which has been published in a book of Unity Poems. There are two verses of it which surely Helen Keller has lived by:

"When keeping on seems fruitless,
Push on with all the power you own!
Consider wind's and water's way
With hard, resistant stone.
Think how one trickle, dropping slow,
Will groove the stoutest block,
And how the gentlest winds that blow
Will round the sharpness of a rock.

Patience formed a universe
Through trial and error, score on score,
And still God's purposes go on
Ah, surely you can try once more.
Today the wall that shut you out
May be a door to let you through;
The soil produced from stone may grow
The reddest rose you ever knew;
And all you sought for, sick at heart,
Rises to greet you like the dawn
Around the corner—face to face:
So keep on keeping on!"

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. Rotary Club Woman's Club House, Charleston, W. Va.
3—Two Services. Peoples Church
4—Radio Address. WGN
Broadcast cancelled on account of Pres. Truman's speech.
5—Radio Address. WGN
6—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. First Baptist Church, Aurora, Illinois.

8—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Lenten Address. First M.E. Church, Milwaukee, Wis.
9—Address. Annual Meeting of Municipal Art League Furniture Mart
10—Two services. Peoples Church
11—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon. Erlanger Theatre
Sermon. Peoples Church
12—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon. Erlanger Theatre
Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Chamber of Commerce, Windermere Hotel
13—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon. Erlanger Theatre
Sermon. Peoples Church
14—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon. Erlanger Theatre
Sermon. Peoples Church
15—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon. Erlanger Theatre
Sermon. Peoples Church
17—Four Services. Peoples Church, Easter Sunday
18—Radio Address. WGN
19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Erie Neighborhood House, 1347 W. Erie
20—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Borrowed Time Club, Oak Park, Ill.
21—Radio Address. WGN
Invocation. State St. Council Award Luncheon. Volunteer Recreation Mother announced. 1600 present
Address. Annual Shakespeare Luncheon. Chicago Woman's Club
22—Radio address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs. Electric Park Ballroom. 800 women present from all over Iowa.
23—Address. Annual Shakespeare Banquet, Friends of Literature, McCormack YWCA. My 19th Annual Dinner Address.
25—Address. Trailer Coach Mfg. Co. Annual Convention.
Attendance, meeting Chi. Library Brd.
Address. Men's Club. Peoples Church.
27—Address. Annual Dinner, I.W.L.A. Grand Hotel. Sheboygan, Wis.
28—Address. Jackson Co. Medical Society. Hotel Hayes, Jackson, Mich.

FUNERALS

2—Miss Vera E. Carpenter
5—Tabor Charles Randall (from Overseas)
11—Carl Cervens
18—Carl Anderson
19—Richard Czerwonky
21—Ada Cassingham
23—Ellen Larson
26—Curtis Senf
29—Fred A. Kosecki

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